

NURSERY
RHYMES.



CONCORD, N. H. :
RUFUS MERRILL.

Richard H. Davis

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Telling out for Whoop.

One-ery, two-ery,
 Ziccary zan;
Hollow bone, crack a bone,
 Ninery ten;
Spittery spot,
 It must be done;
Twiddleum, twaddleum,
 Twenty-one.
Hard ale, the pudding's stale,
 The fat begins to fry;
Nobody at home but Jumping
 Joan,
 Father, mother, and I
Stick stock, stone dead;
 Blind man can't see;
Every knave will have a slave,
 You or I must be HE.

The Musical Lady.

Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury cross,
To see an old woman upon a fine
horse;
With rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
She will have music wherever
she goes.

Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury cross,
To see what Tommy can buy;
A penny white loaf,
A penny white cake,
And a twopenny apple pie.





Little Bah Black Sheep.

Bah ! bah ! black sheep,
Have you got any wool ?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full.
One for my Master,
One for my Dame,
But none for the little boy
That lives in the lane.



Dickery Dock.

Dickery, dickery, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock:
The clock struck one,
And down he run;
Dickery, dickery, dock.

A Song of Sixpence.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty black birds
Baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Was not this a dainty dish
To set before the king?
The king was in the parlor,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the kitchen,
Eating bread and honey;
The Maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes;
Up came a little bird,
And bit off her nose.





Cock a Doodle doo.

Cock a doodle doo !

My dame has lost her shoe ;
My master 's lost his fiddle-stick,
And knows not what to do.

The Careless Girl.

What care I how black I be ?
 Twenty pounds will marry me ;
 If twenty won't, forty shall,
 For I'm my mother's bouncing
 girl.

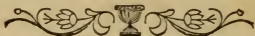
**The Little Husband.**

I had a little husband,
 No bigger than my thumb ;
 I put him in a quart-pot,
 And there I bade him drum ;
 I bridled him, I saddled him,
 And sent him out of town
 Upon a little monkey's back,
 And gave him half a crown,
 With a handsome pair of garters
 To garter up his hose,
 And a little pocket handkerchief
 To wipe his dirty nose.

The Cross Old Woman.

There was an old woman,
She lived in a shoe,
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do,
She gave them some broth
Without any bread,
Then whipped all their bottoms,
And sent them to bed.

There was an old woman,
And what do you think?
She lived upon nothing
But victuals and drink;
And though victuals and drink
Were the chief of her diet,
This plaguy old woman
Would never be quiet.





Tom Tucker.

Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper;
What shall we give him?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he marry
Without e'er a wife?

The Valiant Tailors.

Four-and-twenty tailors
Went to kill a snail ;
The best man among them
Durst not touch her tail ;
She put out her horns
Like a little killow cow ;
Run, tailors, run !
Or she 'll kill you all now.

Pippin Hill.

As I was going up Pippin Hill,
Pippin Hill was dirty ;
There I met a pretty Miss,
And she dropt me a courtesy.
Little Miss, pretty Miss,
May blessings light upon you ;
If I had half a crown a day,
I 'd spend it all upon you.

Come, let 's to Bed.

Come, let 's to bed,
Says Sleepyhead ;
Sit up a while, says Slow ;
Hang on the pot,
Says Greedygut ;
We'll sup before we go.

A Duck and a Drake.

A duck and a drake,
A nice barley cake,
With a penny to pay the old
baker.
A hop and a scotch,
Is another notch
For Nailem, the old Undertaker.

Jenny's Delight.

The cat sat asleep
By the side of the fire,
The mistress snored
Loud as a pig;
Jack took up his fiddle
By Jenny's desire,
And struck up
A bit of a jig.

**Pillycock.**

Pillycock, Pillycock sate on a
hill,
If he's not gone — he sits there
still.



The Cat and the Fiddle.

Sing hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle;
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed,
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the
spoon.

**The Man in the Moon.**

The man in the moon,
He rose too soon
To find his way to Norwich;
He went to the south,
And burnt his mouth,
Eating of cold pease porridge.





Betsy Pringle's Pig.

One Betsy Pringle
 Had a nice little pig;
 He was not VERY little,
 Nor yet VERY big —
 When he was alive,
 He lived in clover,
 But now he is dead,
 And that's all over.





RUFUS MERRILL,
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